

Halo:Combat Evolved

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Summary: An event that happened to a clan of mine on Halo: Combat Evolved. The names of the characters and clans have been changed, and the story is filled with extra dramas, to make things interesting. Hope you enjoy.

Halo:Combat Evolved

Disclaimer: Halo is not by far any way mine, but this story is about what happened to my old team on the pc version of Halo. Many battles were fought and won, and just the same, lost. This is one of my more memorable matches. However, instead of just action, there will be conflict. So, for those of you who don't understand, I'm taking real events and adding words and a background to it. Taking a black and white picture and painting it, so to speak. So without further ado, here it is.

**Chapter 1 Easy as Pie **

Chris watched through his scope as another blue fell to the ground. He smiled and saw Carroll, one of the best close-range experts he had ever seen, move silently against the hard, gray wall of the Blue Base. He scanned the area, watching for stray blues or snipers. Chris felt his shoulder being pushed back as the rifle he was holding gave a loud noise and pushed the 14.5mm round out and towards it's victim, who dropped to the light brown dirt below him. He watched as Carroll, followed closely by Mark, and Jeremy, carried the blue flag out of the front. Mark help his M6D pistol over the top of the bunker, letting a few rounds fly over top, to scare off anyone who might think of jumping. Jeremy had his assault rifle trained on the left side of the enemy bunker.

"This is Chris, package is ready to be deliveredâ€|" Chris said into his intercom as he watched the three get behind a large hill and wait. A small light came on his HUD as he fired the rifle again, knocking the shields off of one of the advancing blue, making the man duck under the hill his teammates were hiding behind. Then, after

what seemed like half an hour, two almost identical warthogs flew off of one of the grass covered hills. He smiled and popped another armor-piercing round at another blue, which, again, ducked behind the hill. The two hogs, one a LRV type driven by Angela, fitted with a three barrels mini gun, capable of firing off 500 armor penetrating rounds a second. The other, a LAAV driven by Christina, was equipped with a triple barreled rocket launcher. However slow at reloading it was, it still packed a punch, capable of taking out any heavy vehicle that might approach, which Chris saw, wasn't going to be coming. Another round towards the final blue missed by centimeters, and Chris pulled out the empty clip, jamming his last in, waiting for them to load up and take off. Carroll climbed into the back of the LRV, placing the flag into something, letting it flap in the wind, as she grabbed hold of the mini gun. Mark jumped into the passenger seat of the LAAV while Jeremy grabbed the rocket launcher. Chris knew that a wide smile had come across his face, because he fired one of the three rockets at the top of the hill. Two rounds flew from the barrel, one right after the other, hitting the last blue in the chest. The shields went down only seconds before he hit the ground. Chris watched for a minute as the man rolled down the hill, then stood and started down the cliff, his rifle over his shoulder.

"Game Over!" he heard the computer say over the team intercom as Carroll walked into the Red Bunker, flag over her shoulder. We're gonna be celebrating tonight, he said to himself as he entered the rear of the base.

>Chris had only entered the room for a second before the top to a Champaign bottle came flying towards him. He fell backwards out of surprise, knocking down a punchbowl onto the floor with him. His teamed laughed as they poured the Champaign into glasses, and Chris found himself laughing to as he was helped up by the beautiful Christina. After getting off the ground, and moving the empty punch bowl back to the table, he looked at everyone on his team. There was Carroll, chugging a bud light. She pushed some of her dirty blonde hair out of the way as she raised the bottle up to drain the last bit of liquid out of the bottle, before bringing it back down with a satisfying "Aaah". Her brown eyes were somewhat bloodshot after drinking four beers, but he had seen her do worse. He glanced over at Mark, who was pulling money out of his back pocket and handing it over to Jeremy, who kissed Carroll for winning them the money. Christina and Chris walked over to the group, smiling as they watched them salute him jokingly, laughing even more than usual.<p>

"Well folks, we have done it again. Another match in the bag and makes us, the Phoenix Unit, 2 and 0, so celebrate tonight, for tomorrow we have our third match against someone named the Black Knights." He watched as Carroll and Jeremy laughed a bit, but Chris continued on anyway.

"They may sound tough, but I bet they're nothing to worry about. Don't stay up too late folks, even though the match is at night, we're being shipped out first thing in the morning to Death Island." Chris turned and started for the door, but before he left, he heard Mark yell out to him.

"Don't worry, bro. We got the team today without breaking a sweat, this team won't stance, easy as pie, man!" Chris didn't look back. He was tired, and he needed the rest. Mark's words, however, walked with him. _Easy as pie_ _Maybe_ _He left the hallway and into his room, closing the door behind him.

End
file.